

M1422
Wednesday, June 26, 1968
Group III
New York City

Mr. Nyland: Are you using that mixing box?

Person recording: Yes.

Mr. Nyland: With one mike, or are using that mike too?

Person: Uh, I'm just using one -- [inaudible] -- system when turn that one on.

Mr. Nyland: Uh-huh. Can you turn it off?

Person: You want me to turn it off?

Mr. Nyland: No, when you turn it on, and then you have to turn it off again?

Person: Uh, it picks up more noise -- [inaudible] --, so...

Mr. Nyland: So when I speak, that's all.

Person: Yes.

Mr. Nyland: I would almost say you're the 'engineer,' aren't you. Do it any way you like.

Now, this meeting is the last one before the summer. So you will have at least two months freedom. The reason is simply partly to get a little more time for myself, and the other is that I think that the character of this Group III meeting has changed a little bit from the original pattern. The plan was to talk about a variety of different subjects with Gurdjieff in the background, and it has changed into talking about Gurdjieff and a little bit of something else. And that's wrong, because if we want to talk about Gurdjieff, there are other Groups that can tell you much better what is what and what Work means.

Now, how to do it and how to bring it back, I think the original mistake was—or rather, how it started to become a little bit mixed up—is that several old people came with a few of the newer ones, and then the older people started to predominate by asking questions about Work. And I didn't want to refuse it, because I think it is necessary every once in a while to talk about

Work, and also under the assumption that those who were new would be willing to listen to it. But then when they listen to it, their own questions go in the background. So now we'll turn it around for today: No one is allowed to talk about Gurdjieff unless I happen to link it up with whatever your questions are.

Now, let me explain what I mean by that. When a person is in life, when he is interested in a variety of things that occur to him, when he has experiences of a certain kind not always superficial, every once in a while he becomes concerned. He becomes enthusiastic. He becomes creative. He feels that there is a little bit more than just the surface of ordinary talk, talk. And he starts to consider what his life is worth, that he feels that perhaps there is a different kind of a purpose than just the appearance which human beings have when they walk around, and that there is something in each person which perhaps could develop—or at least where there is a desire that they wish to try to develop it. That particular quality is a little bit deeper than the ordinary surface, and there are some where it is quite deep. And the deeper you go, the less chance you have of actually solving it. Because it's unfamiliar ground, and the rules of ordinary life don't seem to apply. And this becomes tremendously important for people who have dealings with others or certain relationships in which their emotions become involved, and then the mind has not enough data to help to clear it up. And it is that kind of a problem that I think ought to be solved, or at least the person is entitled to know in what direction the solution might go.

And that is the purpose of this Group: to talk about the things. For instance, let's say you listened and you saw Krishnamurti in the eight talks that he has given over television, and perhaps you have read whatever they have published afterwards of such talks. You read it again to see if you could perhaps understand better what he was saying, or certain things that struck you that you would like to read over again. And you start to think, and maybe it led you to look up one of his books and to see if there was any more information than he has given; or perhaps there is something, in what he has said, appealed to you, and when it appealed and you say, "Yes, if that now could be of practical use to me, then I may be able to become," let's call it for a moment, "a 'better' Man."

Because there has to be some kind of a measure by which you measure yourself; and whatever ethical values there are in you and whatever you think that the value is of your life and what you want to do with it, and to whatever extent you feel that there is a responsibility that is

laid on you simply by virtue of having been born and finding yourself in this world or in New York, or engaged in all kind of activities, some of which you may like and some you have to do because you are forced—all these kind of things come up to a person when he sits by himself and he reaches, after a hard day's work, his home and he sits there in his room and he starts to consider: What was this day worth, and what have I done in order to further that kind of an aim of what I actually want to accomplish with my life; or, to what extent have I been able to follow the responsibilities which I know I must attend to and for some reason or other I could not attend to it.

And then in thinking about that, he will try to find excuses why it couldn't be done. Or sometimes you can become very morose and you will say, "What's the use; after all, I am what I am and I cannot help it." And sometimes you will say that that is your 'nature,' or if you are astrologically inclined you will explain it: that you are born under a certain sign, and for that reason Mother Nature will not allow you really to be what you want to be because there are so many things against it. And then you look at your palm and you say, "Yes, there is the line. It shows very definitely I'm that-and-that kind of a person." And you look at your left hand and you say that is the 'potential,' and your right hand, that is the 'development,' and you have a little fear that maybe that development will go in a certain direction which you don't like. Or that you're afraid that then, if that is actually the truth—if that is the law—that you are bound and then your fate will determine what you're going to be.

It's exactly that particular kind of an attitude; sometimes of being very much distressed; sometimes incapable of solving; sometimes with your head against the wall, and you bump it and you know it hurts; sometimes a very definite wish on your part that you have done what you could and that you actually tried to get out of your way to help someone and it is not appreciated, or that what you have done simply could not be understood by the other person even if you meant well. And that at a certain time you couldn't find a proper word; or that a little word happened to slip in and that was misunderstood, and then they made a whole mountain out of a molehill.

These kind of things concern an ordinary person who is a little bit more alert to the fact that he is alive, and also when he feels that there is something like a Conscience—that is, as if you are entrusted with a certain amount of energy that you can spend and that you are free to spend it, and that to some extent it has to be spent because you feel you are alive, and you know that it

must go in a certain direction. And you don't know what direction it should go into. And you look at a variety of different influences on you, and you may study and you will find, as I say, Krishnamurti a little appealing.

And then you are faced early in the morning—after you get up and perhaps if you're married—that someone will make a remark and immediately you're on your toes and you are stepped on; and some misunderstanding, and you leave the house angry. And then what will you do. Phone? It will make it worse. Try to explain it? But it is unexplainable; and it is unreasonable and you say, "It's not my fault because I intended..." And I got up so beautifully and I was so happy, and just a little bit of a remark and down I am on the floor, crawling again, not knowing when to get up, and when I get up I don't even know what to do.

You're faced in life with a variety of different things that come to you without you calling them. You're influenced by the different people you come in contact with. You don't know what to think of them. You know they are there. You know sometimes you are dependent on them. You try to meet conditions as well as you can. And you know you're uncontrolled, and before you know it you're again in hot water; and you go home again and you consider it and you say, "What is it really that makes me so impossible at times, when I have such a good intention and I know that I would be capable of doing certain things *if* conditions were better."

It is like you have plans for a picnic and it rains, and then you're up against it. Because what will you do, defy the weather and just have a picnic?, or sit home and look at the rain and say, "*Why* should it come now, when I planned to have a picnic." Maybe you want to play piano; maybe you have an idea that there is a melody in you that ought to come out, but before you can get down to the piano you happen to open a box and there is a nail in it, and the nail you didn't see and you hurt your finger, it bleeds a little. And you say, "Well, I want to play piano," so I go and I play and your finger hurts, and you cannot play.

What is this. One says 'fate.' Sometimes you say God 'sends' it to me. And then, "Why am I the way I am," and "Why should I even be affected by little things like that in life," and then you try to find out how to counteract it.

What will you do, now. To find something that is stronger than the little influences on your finger or stepped on your toes? Or that you take the psychological time, that kind of a moment where you can explain it and when you hope that the other person is not as much emotionally involved in you or that the state seems to be propitious, that you can actually say—and you will

have the time to say it and they will allow you then to say it—and then at such a time you don't even know what to say, because it's very difficult every once in a while to formulate what goes on in your heart.

You see, these are ordinary problems of ordinary life, and we face them day after day; and we get up in a routine manner and we perform the tasks, and we are critical about the conditions and about other people, sometimes about ourselves, and we are hopeless because you cannot do what you feel you ought to be able to do.

For those ... when we have problems of that kind, what will we do now. How is it possible to strengthen that what is in oneself so that, you might say, when I wish to go a little bit 'away' from the surface and not be bothered by a machine outside, that I don't want to hear it but I want to 'commune,' as it were, with myself and that then the rest of the world can go wherever it wishes, but you have an aim. And you try then to become a little bit more essential, and in that essence you find many hollownesses and emptinesses. And not knowing, again and again, which way to turn, where do you go, then.

Because you cannot read Goethe and just get from it. You cannot even think that there is All and Everything and I will read now for five or fifteen minutes. I will take the time off now and I will exclude the rest of the world, and for a little while you can be at ease and you sit quietly and you regain a certain strength; and then you go out again and immediately all the influences of the world affect you and you meet your friends and they say, "Come, let's go, we'll have a little beer, we'll sit and talk, we'll have this or that and it'll be nice"—just comfortable in a nice good warm room or in the sunshine. And you go, and the friend 'takes' you, as it were, with him. And maybe it is not such a good friend because he wants to talk about a little blue sky or idealism not having his feet on the ground, or maybe he wants a certain enjoyment that you know—and you know well enough from your own experience—and you're carried with him; and there you go almost against your will, and at the same time you do it and you drink a little beer and you sit and you talk some more. And then you want to show off—and you can *also* drink beer—so you order another one and another and another. And in the meantime, that what is your responsibility of a job, and the boss who's waiting for you at the office which has sent out a call: "What happened to so-and-so? He was going to be away ... from lunch just for half an hour and now it's three hours already, and where is he?" And then maybe you're fired and you have to look for another job and you have to convince someone else how good you are. And so,

this other one who wants to employ you because maybe you have a very good appearance, you make the impression that you're honest and he starts checking, and he gets hold of someone who happens to know you a little bit and the letter of recommendation that is received indicates, "Well, perhaps this fellow, yes he may be, he may be not, I do not know, but..." and as a result, you have no job. And then you walk around and you have to see this and that, and again you don't know what to do and you're up against it, it's the end of the stick.

And then again, here you find yourself in life blaming, criticizing conditions; not knowing what actually takes place but *never* want to consider that really perhaps you are at fault yourself ... and that perhaps the other person was hungry and could not spend the time in talking with you and that you did not have a chance, really, to explain what was in you so that if he only would know the truth of your condition, then he would be different.

You're a salesman. You try to sell things. Maybe you know how ... maybe you like what you sell, but you're hungry because you have gone without lunch. You have no money, and so you want to make a deal. You want to sell. You want to get an order at all costs. And the other person sits in his lovely chair and enjoys an income and he is taken care of, and you come to him; and you are just an ordinary little salesman, and he doesn't care if you are hungry or your wife is hungry, or the children need some clothes or so. But you're intense and you oversell, and you don't get the order; and as you go out of the door, you curse the whole establishment.

How to deal with other people. How to know what they are, and to what extent are you the same. If you are in that kind of a position—and a little servant girl comes to you and wants to have a job in your house, and you lord it over on her and you tell her, "Clean this, clean that, do this, do that"—the question again is: Who are you to tell others. What is there in you that can afford it.

Here you sit on one side of the fence. You belong to an organization that has to investigate things, and the person you investigate, maybe he has done something a little wrong. He tries to cover it up with talk, or hopes that you won't look at his desk where there is evidence and he covers it up with a piece of paper as he is talking because he doesn't want you to look, but you are in authority and you have the right to ask, and he has to answer you. And you lord it over on him and the poor man, maybe he will get a fine for fifty dollars, and you are responsible.

All these kind of problems. One side of the fence or the other side of the fence, and sometimes you straddle it because you're not quite sure; and your Conscience will not allow one

thing and your mind says it has to be the other way, what will you follow. What will you do. How will you meet conditions that you are involved in, that you are responsible for. When you've said "Yes" and you've said "Yes" and you're reminded that you have said it; and then it comes ... it comes to pass that you cannot keep your promise, and what will you do then. And you feel like two cents—Why did I make that promise; I wanted some money, I asked "Ten dollars, oh I'll return it tomorrow; sure, tomorrow. Oh yes, because this and that," and something happens and tomorrow is there and no ten dollars to return—and then, how can you look such a person in his eye.

I mean by this, that the particular problems that we are facing are very low to the ground probably, but they are in ordinary life and you have to meet them. And how will one meet them when one tries to grow up, when there is so much to be done for your own development. And you don't want to waste any time; because even when you're young you have an idea that time ought to be used efficiently, and again and again these questions: What books to read. What friends to keep. Where to go. What can you afford. What do you think is needed for your own growth. How much money do you dare to spend. How much do you forget of your obligations—your mother, maybe you should go to see her; you have no money, maybe you should write a letter; you postpone it; you don't know what to say, how will she ... always critical of you, how will she take to an interest that you now have. Spending your time on art to do that what you think is going to be the chef d'oeuvre. That what you believe in and honestly believe in, how much time to spend to your enjoyment to that what is needed, to that what relates to other people and for which you have perhaps a responsibility. And you have a child and it cries, and what for? ... and you are busy because you want to read the newspaper.

What will you do with your life. All of this has nothing to do with Gurdjieff. Nothing whatsoever. It is simply stating ordinary facts in ordinary life as you grow up, as you find problems which—some of them—you can solve, and others you try to find an answer in talking to friends. And they tell you about their experience and it looks agreeable to you, and you go and it's not for you—it was for them, but you made a mistake.

How will one consider these questions of relationships, friendships; even, you might say, 'love,' or that what you care for or that what you dare to do, or sex; or drugs or ordinary ways of spending your time in the presence of others where you sometimes know it's no good but you're attracted—like when you know that fire will burn you but still you want to go and look to see

how things are destroyed.

And in the meantime, what happens to you. You have a garden and the garden has plants and flowers; and you try to put a little hedge around it because it's your work that has gone into the garden and of course you watch it; and then there is a rabbit and the rabbit is hungry, and it comes and eats of your lettuce. And the lettuce is for me and my family, and not for a rabbit; and the fence ... and you mend it, and still the little rabbit is clever and he finds a hole. So you say, "Well, something has to be done about this," so you take out your gun. And you sit quietly, and there comes the little rabbit. And then what will you do, kill it? And if you do, what have you done.

You can say that you're the master of that kind of nature. You don't consider the fact that you kill a fly with a fly-swatter because he buzzes around too much. And *you* have thoughts. *You* have to write a book. *You* are going to tell humanity what is wrong with it; you have an idea that you can; and the little fly has life, but you don't consider *that* life because *your* life is more important at that time, and you don't hesitate for one moment to take life away.

One need not be too sentimental about it because the fly is just a little insect, it's quite small, but there is a principle involved; because you have life of your own and you come in contact with others, they have life, they live a life like you and they have a right to live theirs like you have. And you with your talk, with whatever you say, with your relation towards them, with that what you believe is right; in the beginning you say, "for the two of us," and in the beginning, "Oh yes; I will be so flexible; I will be tender because I love you," and after some time you still love them but then you say, "But, I'm also alive," and now I wish to insist a little: "Can't you change? Because, you know, sometimes your behavior is a little obnoxious to me and I, I have my own life to live, and I wish we could share it." But it doesn't always happen that way. And you keep on a little critical—and the other, also—and then, no more words for a little while. Sometime one of you packs up to go away to their father and mother to look at the situation a little differently; and maybe come back, begging, and you, like a man, say "No!"

What right ... what right do we have to be as we are, with the knowledge we have—very, very little of ourselves—and constantly being affected by the states in which we are, and uncontrollably saying things for which we cannot possibly be responsible. And still, life demands that we have a position to take; and we take it because it's the only thing out and you want to be strong, and you become selfish.

These are the questions that come up day after day. Your relation at the office and the things that you have to do for the boss, and *you* have other plans because you want to go out; and the last minute he gives you a letter to type, and you're employed by him so of course you have to. And it goes past five o'clock. Five thirty, and it's not right; and he reads it and says, "No, there's still a mistake here." *He* can afford the time because *he* planned to work there that evening; and you, you have tickets to go to the theater.

Very small things, you can say—very small. Sometimes you can get over it quite easily. You can say, "Well, another time, maybe." But sometimes it's very important. Sometimes something else is dependent on it. Sometimes you have a responsibility that you cannot even explain. And sometimes you know that that responsibility you have to meet ... and you cannot take anyone else in your confidence because, what is it to them that your little child is sick. And you, like Pagliacci, have to perform on the stage of life.

One is caught—many times caught. Sometimes not your responsibility. Sometimes conditions as they are—as they have grown, as the industrial world demands of you. Sometimes it is the law. Sometimes it's a conglomeration of people—well-meaning, considering all the facts they know—but they've left you out because they don't know how much attachment you have to a piece of property that you have bought at the time. And a house is on it and now, the government: the desire that it is needed for war; the desire on the part of an electric company who has run wires through your property in order to be prepared, in peace, for whatever might come from an enemy. And your property happens to be there, it is just too bad, and you're offered twenty thousand dollars. And the property is worth much, much more; even you cannot say how much, because it's your work that went into it and your life of ten years—slavery almost; fixing the roof, getting shingles, working 'til late at night, doing it at your free time, Saturday, Sundays, during a little vacation that you have measured out to you as two weeks against fifty weeks of drudgery. But you did it so it is your own and it is your property; and then a force unknown to you, so-called 'communal' property of yours taken away without getting the payment, a lawyer that jaws you down as well as he knows. You have an apartment, it's burglarized. The estimated value is two hundred dollars, but it's too much for the insurance company because they are out for keeping all their money. And so, will we settle for a hundred and fifty?

Why. Why do these things happen without you being the cause. But they do happen. And

you, with a gaunt Conscience and you don't want to tell a lie. You want to be honest, and it is not understood. You make something, it is worth so much. So it goes to so-and-so, who doesn't look at what it is worth, than only in terms of dollars. But your blood went into it. But he doesn't know it. Only you know it.

Do you get your money's worth when you know that something that is worth ten dollars for you is sold afterwards to some group for a hundred dollars? Where does it all go, and to what extent is one honest. To what extent is this life... for us, why don't we rebel more. Without being communistically inclined—of dividing everything among us equally—because that won't solve the problem at all, but to think that some sit on a nice silk cushion and that you have to work in the country doing farmer duty; and the rain comes and you cannot work, and then again you're dependent on the man who hires you and you hope that he pays his bills. And you cannot pay your own. You tell, you plead. He cannot give you any money because he hasn't got it; and maybe it's true and maybe he lies, and maybe he is just as much bound as you are.

Where is your peace of mind. What is there to do for an ordinary person. A very ordinary person, like all of us are, with just the average amount of intelligence and the average amount of feeling and a capability ... the ability to work physically and the willingness to work. And not to find a job, and there you are again—unemployed because of a system—and where will you go. Tahiti? Somewhere in the South Sea Islands and live like Gauguin and paint and fraternize with the population; and afterwards someone else writes a book about you, but you're dead and he gets the money.

Things are crooked and they need straightening out, and you know it and everyone else knows it; and they tell you then, when they are in politics, they are going to clean it all up, and if you only will vote for them. "Yes, democratic. Oh, of course." And that: "Yes, I'll take care of your brother." And that: "Oh yes, that is not overlooked, we are working on it. Surely you want a job. Yes, your name is on file, certainly we'll refer to it. We have a computer, even. We can't miss. You with your ability, naturally there is time. Oh, yes, just be patient." And you wait and wait and wait.

When these are problems of ordinary life and an ordinary Man has to face them, not everything is roses, roses. And if it is that I say for the time being the wind is 'blowing in your direction,' and you can go with your boat and sail without any particular obstruction, then you think that the wind was specially sent for you in order to help you, that God smiles on you

because you are such a wonderful person. And of course, you take credit many times for things that you know you're not entitled to, but it just happens. But when you tell about it afterwards, it is very interesting that you appear as a little hero so that then you admire ... you get admiration from someone else. You wish to be admired, and you bask in that kind of a glory.

What is wrong with us. We're not honest at all. We're hypocritical. We go by appearances. We live on the surface, and that's what we turn to the rest of the world. And we don't dare, every once in a while, to say what is the real truth, because you're afraid someone will criticize you and you are not one of them. And you behave like the Jones' so that when they do it and they ... and you do it and you can't afford it. But you also know that: that in the company of others you have no strength to stand up for your own conviction and to tell them to go to hell if you wish; and then you're alone, and you don't want that because you are gregarious, and you love people to be with you and to admire you.

This is the second thing: vanity, dishonesty; vanity, pride, enjoyment of a certain kind at the expense of others. No consideration at all, no willingness to consider; because *you* got where you are, therefore *they* have to get where they can and if they can't, it's just too bad. If there is no bread, let them eat cake; and where will they get it, and in time where will *you* get it. If at the present time circumstances smile a little bit on you, maybe you are fortunate because you happen to be born under a good sign; but then Uranus gets into another kind of a sign, and there you are—in the midst of the changing Cosmos—and you, as a little speck on Earth, will experience the influences of a disturbance and you don't know which way to go. You can curse all you like, and no one will hear it, because they all are intent to save themselves.

Do you think that traffic, and driving through it, is very helpful for the development of a human being? Do you think that it is necessary that if there are two pieces of bread, that I take one and I look at the other to see if I could still have a little piece of that? Because if it's up to me to make a decision, between... As you know, the judge and the two monkeys: that a piece of cake that had to be divided between them and they couldn't agree what was half, so the judge was called in and he could have a scale in front of him. And he broke it and one was a little bit heavier than the other. And this monkey said, "That's mine" and he said, "No, no, it has to be equal." So the judge took a piece of the cake and he bit off a little bit too much, and he put it on the scale and then the other was too heavy. So he said, "Now that is too heavy," so he took that piece and he ate a little bit of that. And then that was too small and the other piece was too big,

so he ate that. And the two monkeys were left in the cold, and the judge ate the cake.

And what will you do when you are that kind of a poor monkey. Losing yourself in an argument and not getting anywhere for yourself because you think it is necessary to convince someone; so that he can then give you pride and then you can talk to your friends and say how clever you are because you convinced so-and-so. And the other says, “So what, and what are you going to do with it.” “Oh, I will sit home.” And I enjoy myself thinking about how clever I was, and after five minutes you get hungry and your little stomach speaks up and says, “Give me something to eat.” And you can’t eat your pride, can you, and you cannot go to the friend you have convinced, because he doesn’t like you anymore.

To make friends, you have to be one. To give in order to receive. To consider equality so that you, if you wish to understand, you have to stand first under a person to be able to help, to support, to bring him to where perhaps you would like to be and maybe you would like him to be, so that then both of you can actually consider the possibility of a unity—or at least a sharing of life as an aim for the two, and not an aim for one or the other.

This is the difficulty—the third one: You do not wish to part with that what you consider important for yourself for the sake of helping someone else. You’re not living in the life of someone. You consider yourself so important, and you cover yourself with all kind of harnesses, all kind of things that protect you. And why should you. You’re just an ordinary little being. Not any better, not any worse from the standpoint ... if you could look at the Earth from the Moon, even, the people are crawling around like ants, what Gurdjieff calls ‘slugs’ without defining them any further. Because he doesn’t say, “That’s the slug with the tremendous brain, and that’s a slug which is such an artist because he paints pictures that are hung up in the National Gallery in Washington”; no, all slugs—one as well as the other.

All of us are just little points dotted on the Earth, and when you look at the Earth ... and then you see them, crawling and trying to get there a little ahead; so that a car can pass so that ... at the toll gate when all of you have to wait. Nothing has been gained. And even if you gained five minutes, what do you do with it. You rush, rush, rush in the morning. Get in the subway. The last moment you push someone else, but you are there, like a sardine. You stand up, and you rush from the subway station to your office. And you rush into the elevator and push everybody around, and rush into the door and there you are. Five minutes later you sit with your feet on the desk and read the newspaper.

side 2 Why hurry. What is so important about you. How would the world go on if you dropped dead. It would leave a little heap; they would clean it up and the rain would come and would wash all kind of blood that may be there away, and after some time nobody will know anymore—than only your nearest family, and even they will forget, unless they believe in spiritualistic séances and perhaps with a Ouija board may bring your spirit back so that you then can tell what takes place on the other side of the barrier.

To tell people again and again what is wrong with this world ... and will you pay attention to it? Because you won't believe it, you believe yourself much too much. This is the fourth: This terrible vanity, that you think you know, and you know just a little better because you earn two more dollars a day or per hour, and that is your measure.

The measure, of course, is entirely different. The measure is what you are as your way of life, the level of your Being, and for that we have no measure to measure others with. All you know, for yourself there is something—your Conscience—that will indicate for yourself, like a thermometer. When it goes too high or too low within certain limits, you know that is the way you have to live now—your life in accordance with that thermometer. But then, under what condition do you live, in that temperature your pressure ... what is your pressure of your blood—of your spiritual blood. High-pressured nervousness or lethargic laziness, between the two there is a measure of the pressure of that what is your rhythm in life, which belongs to the level of your Being; with that, that is your equilibrium to find out what is required in life, and with what you can contribute to the equilibrium for yourself so that not all will go into ordinary life and be taken from you and you're left high and dry because the world saps your life blood—in economics, in politics, in loose talk, in gossip, in idiotic, nonsensical spending.

And what is there on the other side, for you to keep the balance? Something very small but precious, and maybe not in weight but in quality. What is it that you have as quality that is your own, that you know that you could augment if you knew how ... how to build it. How to make that 'heavier,' you might say, or at least equal so as to be able to derive from it something at times when you need it; as if, when, for ordinary life, you need energy and you cannot have it, that there is the possibility of a source that you then can tap within yourself to know it is there as something on which you can rely for yourself; and then take and take because it was like an investment that you then take to be used and spent the best way you can, with which you then can make amends and settle all the goddamn debts of this life and tell Mother Nature, "Here it is,

You take whatever you have given to me, You can have it.” And when you finish and the account is closed you can spit in Her face.

That’s what a Man should be able to do; and say to himself, “I’m here, and I know why.” That I can now carry on because I know this is an aim I have. For this aim I’m willing to die. And when I do die, my aim has been reached—or if it is not reached completely, I know I’m on the road to reach it. Ultimately there will be the solution for me to be what I should be, when I was what I was and I have forgotten; and that then during this lifetime I try to find out the hieroglyphs of my birth, to be able to study it like a Rosetta Stone and finally to reach the door that will enable me to experience what was, and what is now, and will be in the future. That is the aim of one’s living: to find out where you came from, with what you were equipped and for what reason, and what are the talents for you to use; and to see to what extent there is something in you that says, “I want to develop this, and I don’t want to develop that.”

What are the clothes I wear. But, what is my body; and that at times you dare to be naked simply because the clothes are not fitting any longer, and maybe you have not as yet a new set of clothes to be able to be clothed in and you stand there—almost without shame when you have inside this wish that you know, and shamefully when you are at a loss—and then people will criticize what is the value of such a Man.

And why is it that some die young. Why is it that one has taken away from one that what is precious; and what looked at a certain time as a possibility of eternity, and it is cut short. And what kind of a power or force is entitled to take away that what *I*, now, wish and that I can—and I would—take care of; and then another force, higher than I am, says, “We cut that life a little shorter,” and it doesn’t help me to say that those who die young are loved by the gods.

Because I don’t care about the gods. All I care about is that that person that I care for is no longer there, or that the love that I have is not received. And I don’t know a place—where will it be for me if I wish to continue to live with my life—within oneself to build that what is needed so that I then, in life, can return to that what is me and on that kind of solidity build and look, from there, towards the outside world. Like windows on the surface ... on the surface of a globe when I’m inside; and I cut a little window and a hole and I see the rest of nature in the first place, and I erect my telescope and I put it so that ... but it is still too light because I am so engaged in ordinary life I cannot see the truth of spiritual values. I have to wait ‘till it’s dark, then perhaps—when everything else is a little bit more silent within me and in the outside world—I

can distinguish that what is really then apparent. And my telescope has to be focused and trained, and I have to learn how to look and to be patient and to scan the Earth and to scan the universe, and to take what is there and to take it within me and to digest it as if I receive it in order to build a firmer rock for the telescope of my observation.

That what I wish in this life is that I can Be and that the level of my Being is at a certain height, and that I know how to work the machinery so that I can, with my own force and with the help—I call it the ‘oil of God’—to smooth that what is now rusty and to eliminate that what is partially destroyed and to be able to repair with material which is more permanent.

All of this can be given when one wishes and when one asks, when one is open to receive, when one can become porous to let enter exactly—through those windows that have been cut—that what is in the outside totality of all things existing, with which I then at times become part. And I know it, when I’m Aware, of that state in myself in which time has stopped for me and where I, for one moment, realize Infinity of my own Being as it is, and acceptance of myself as I am.

When you read, when you think, you sit, you think, you talk, you feel, you have an affection, you are attracted, consider what are you doing with your atmosphere, with your words, with your attitude, with your look at others—what do you do to them. What is it that you wish to send out. What is it you are responsible for. What is it in your life that you’re entitled even to give. Is it so much better than what the other has? Do you know what the other needs? Have you ever studied an object of your love, or the possibility of the growth of that—that person, that animal, that plant—that you care, that the sharing is not simply because it happens to be that way. And it is a logical reasoning or that you say, “I wish to share because I am incomplete.” Therefore my sharing simply means an acquisition of something else that I wish now to be with me. That is not sharing, that is just possessiveness. That is just wishing something for your own because you know that you need it. And you look in love many times for that kind of a response so that *you* can be more complete. What about the other.

If there is Conscious love and the other doesn’t know it, there is no love whatsoever. If the other does not know that they are changing because of you—they are not affected—you don’t love that person. Conscious love must be known to the other, not only to you. Your intentions may be right, but it does not mean that the other can understand it in the way ... not even the way you have meant it with all the best of intentions—of that what you say ‘ought’ to be good for

someone else because it is good for me. But the other person is an entirely different kind of a psyche; and what do you know about them, particularly when they happen to be a little bit more emotionally inclined. And you come with your analysis, and you say this and that—"Yes, and if you have trouble go to the psychoanalyst and find out from him, and he will tell you and will give you some drops to put in your eyes"—and you leave it because it is then away from you and you don't have to take any further responsibility, the same way as a little child wants to come and play and you say, "Here, take this little toy, go ahead and play," and you keep on sleeping.

To go out of your way to help, to know ... and to know what to give at the proper time and in the form where it can be used by that person. To love a person in such a way that you create for the other the condition so that they can grow with your help—with God's help probably, because nothing happens unless His Endlessness in Infinity is present to that what exists. That's the idea of Endlessness: it must exist now and therefore it can be useful because of Its presence.

And we come back again to what you have heard and what you have read—and the books that you had to study and the books you wished to study; and the things you have to do and the things you can and wish to do; the condition of your life that you have to accept and that what you perhaps hope it might become—and to work for that first in unconsciousness, to do the best you can with the ordinary things of ordinary life and not to run away when the responsibility stares in your face. And not to be lazy, and to make your body conform and to do things that it has to do in order even, to say the least, to keep in shape ... and over-doing, eating, sleeping, all the rest including sex—dispensing of your energies the way they have to be used. You are a Man; at least you wish to be, then try to behave like one; and don't be a nincompoop, and don't take things superficially simply because they happen to be, in the rest of the world, superficial and that you are with them and they don't tell you at all. And your friends of course never will make any remark about something that might cause an argument. But *you* know by yourself, when you're alone; when you talk in whispers for fear that someone is listening at the door and he might think that you're foolish when you talk to yourself aloud. And sometimes I know it must come out, and you yell because something is actually boiling in you and it's got to come out in some form or other. Because you're alive and your emotions, they cannot always be contained and you make mistakes time and time again.

But go on and on and on. At least remain alive as long as you are living on this Earth. Don't die too soon, prematurely cutting off the possibilities of yourself simply because that what

you have you think is already enough. Never is enough; it always can grow, and it has to grow to full fulfillment. That is your task; again I say 'like it or not,' you do.

You were not responsible for your birth. You will become responsible for your death. Your death will come when your interest in life has gone. As long as you have interest in seeing that this life receives the proper attention, as long as there is something in you that makes you behave in such a way that whatever you can do in life and conditions, that you create them for the possibility of further growth and to make that what is potential actual within the life span that may be allotted to you and that, for your body, is sufficient in the time now—under perhaps the catalytic influence of finding out about Objectivity—that then maybe you have an aim and you can remain alive, almost I would say, 'as long as you wish,' as long as the carcass of your body will still be sufficient to carry you around and as long as your mind is still a little bit flexible and not dotty as yet; that you don't have to go into the state of senility, that you don't have to go through the period in which your emotions are already cut off because there is nothing to feed them anymore and that what there is has been reduced to just a little bit of a bunch of feelings, nothing else but just being able to lift your little finger and to have a little air come in your lungs in order to support the blood stream in yourself.

A Man can be a Man when he wishes, when he actually is able to make a payment. The payment of his selfishness, the payment of his laziness, the payment of his vanity, the payment of his wish to possess—that is the payment. Like it or not, that is required. If you understand it, you can die as a Man. If you don't, you'll die as an animal. There are two possibilities for Man: one is to grow and to utilize the three centers he has, the other is to be reduced to two centers. And much of our present life is by creatures who are practically nothing else but two-centered, of which that what is their body is the predominant center and that what is mind and that what is feeling is simply an adjustment to ordinary life, without any particular wish of looking further than your nose is long and to be able to keep out of trouble.

Whatever your body can help you with and whatever your mind can develop into, and whatever your feeling can be used for the guidance and the propelling force which ultimately ought to be a commitment to the development of your own inner life in such a way that it can give you the balance for yourself; in which your mind can become Conscious and King, in which your body can become able to do as a result of a Will coming from both Conscience and Consciousness. To be able, as a Man, to behave so that the body then, as a servant to the King,

will form that what is needed in the triangle in which your emotions are the Queen which, because of its delicacy, its sensitivity, its real understanding and intuitive knowledge, will know that what is right for you; and that even the King, then, submits because he is King because the Queen wants him to be King so that she can be Queen.

That what is needed is for your Conscience to look to your Consciousness to be Conscious so that your real Conscience can become that what it's supposed to be: the link of yourself and your life towards that what could become a higher level of Being in yourself, and with the knowledge to know how to manipulate your body—mechanically as it is and mechanically as it is inclined and mechanically as it will remain—for the purpose of raising the level of your Being so that in all truth you can say, “I Am.” And when the “I” is your Consciousness knowing and the “Am” is your body willing to do, that then inbetween “I Am” God—you dare to say that that what is your real emotion—is the actuality of God within with which you, as a human being, can keep in contact; and that that will absorb you in your life with an aim to fulfill the necessity and responsibilities of this Earth, and at the same time kissing this Earth goodbye, farewell because you have another something to do somewhere until finally the solution of all problems will be solved in eternity for you as an aim as Man. Always to have that aim ahead of you: to Work towards it, never reaching it but always being inspired innerly; and finally in the solution in which all forms disappear, that Infinity exists in a way which I have never even dared to dream.

These are problems for the next couple of months. You keep with them. You become serious about them. You become honest with yourself. If you want to grow up, you consider them day after day. Not just a little bit now and then. At certain times in life, when you take off the time, and you say, “This is timeless for me”—at that time you will experience what I mean.

I hope you can look at life with aspiration. I hope that aspiration will be deepened and that it will more and more become involved within you; that what is essentially the quality of an aspiration towards the outside world fed from that what is inspirational within you, can reach your heart; and that without having your heart on your sleeve, that you will be able to do that what you are supposed to do—that what you have to think, what you are supposed to think, and that what you have to feel because you're supposed to feel—that it comes from that what is within you, your permanency, your one point which never will be destroyed and which is the central point of your life. To understand that—what makes you, even on Earth, alive, alert, and I hope will ultimately will make you, through Awareness, a Conscious and a Conscientious

Man—that would be true harmony for a person, in which his personality he can leave as a cloak he takes off and he hangs on the wall to be destroyed with the rest of the world, and he goes home in a new garment—maybe of light—ascending, returning to the planet Karatas.

I will let you know when we start again on the third Group—Group III. So, have a good time if I don't see you. And if I see you, I will harass you more and more. If you come, you will be constantly exposed to little pinpricks, to little bits of reminders to help you a little bit, to tell "Don't, for God's sake, fall asleep all the time." Make something of yourself. Try to remember your life is ahead of you. You need it, but what is needed is you to do with whatever God has given you.

Goodbye.

End of tape